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Commodore Sheucrik
with best respects to the author
Levy, Aug 1857

A BRIEF NOTICE

OF

The Death and Character

OF

GOV. HAMILTON,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

“ There lie the ruins of the noblest heart that ever
lived in the tide of times.”—JULIUS CESAR

WASHINGTON :

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Death of Gov. Hamilton.

The tidings of the dreadful death of this great and good man, which fell from the telegraph upon his afflicted friends "like a thunderbolt from Heaven," are now too bitterly confirmed. In the stillness of the midnight waste of waters and in the deep hush of his quiet slumbers, this noble spirit was, without a moment's warning, by an act of murderous negligence, hurled, amid the tumultuous rush of waters, into the presence of his eternal Creator. What severity of punishment can be adequate to such atrocious dereliction of ordinary duty? What depth of grief in the mourning friends of the noble victim can assuage the agony of their tortured hearts? Well may we exclaim, in the language of the inspired prophet, "I say unto you one of the princes of the earth has fallen;" not a prince in earthly station, or in worldly wealth, but in the infinitely higher qualities of the exalted soul, the noble and magnanimous heart—a heart gifted with an expansive generosity and benevolence that knew no limits to its charity and philanthropy. The kindness of his heart, and the depth of feeling of his generous nature were indeed above the character of humanity: insomuch that few, very few men were capable of comprehending, appreciating, or believing the extent of his utter unselfishness in his every thought and action. The two great ruling maxims of his life, not merely uttered but practised, were, first, the noble Roman moral "*Haud ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco*," and the "second was like unto it," "*Homo sum, et nil humani à me alienum puto*." With the sternest and most enduring fortitude of suffering for himself, the writer of this feeble tribute, (to whom his great and good heart was an open book, and none knew him so intimately from childhood,) has again and again seen him moved to tears by the sufferings of the wretched and the unfortunate. In the service of his friends and of the distressed his utter forgetfulness of self was of the most extraordinary character. For virtues such as these surely he was worthy

of Heaven's highest rewards; and we humbly trust that God, in his plenitude of goodness, has now this exalted spirit in his holy keeping. Amongst the noble traits of his elevated nature the one most remarkable was that of his never speaking ill of any human being, exhibiting the most genuine spirit of Christianity in returning at all times good for evil; never derogating from another nor arrogating aught for himself; but ever exhibiting the noblest modesty and humility as to his own great merits and abilities. On all occasions (and they were constantly occurring) when this writer would speak with indignant anathemas of the ingratitude of those whom "once his noble bounty fed," whom his benefactions had raised from the dust and rendered rich and arrogant, and who, many of them, became his worst enemies when misfortunes and calamities had befallen him, his only reply was at all times, "I deplore the depravity and weakness of human nature, and grieve that mankind can be capable of such ingratitude." If the Almighty, in his merciful providence, had allowed him to survive for one brief year longer, (a wish that he himself of late had most ardently expressed,) and had permitted him further to serve his native State in the United States Senate, for even one session, he would then have done full justice to his exalted genius; and *there* his great eloquence would have shone forth in its full effulgence, in its appropriate sphere; for his friends have constantly declared that he has never yet stood in the proper arena to exhibit his great powers of mind and the full radiance of his glowing eloquence. It has frequently occurred in former days, at the public meetings of Charleston, that his spontaneous bursts of eloquence have been regarded as far superior to the most labored efforts of Hayne and McDuffie, and equal to the highest oratory of the gifted Preston. Such, too, was the character of his speeches on the floor of Congress, and especially in those noble and soul-stirring eulogies on his beloved friends, Decatur and Perry, when he advocated and obtained a pension for the widows of these much-loved companions of his boyhood, who had bequeathed to him, as their cherished friend, the dying legacy of their battle-swords, which had achieved such glory for their country. For one other object also he expressed the desire to survive the coming year, and that was to arrange, for the benefit of his family, his friends, and his creditors, his own vastly complicated private affairs, which, in consequence

of his former great sacrifices in behalf of Texas, and from the princely munificence with which he ever succored the distressed, he has unfortunately left in almost irretrievable involvement and confusion. But, alas! the infinite Creator has decreed it as to himself seemed best, and we can only bow in profound submission to his Almighty will, and must exclaim, in one of the favorite apothegms of this noble being—

“As falls on me or storm or sun,
Thy will, oh God! not mine, be done.”

Still, in the weak fondness of human nature, his friends cannot help expressing the now vain wish that the Almighty had permitted him to have died a nobler death, and one better suited to the naturally grand aspirations of his elevated soul; that he could at least have perished like the gallant Herndon, in the exertion of the noblest efforts to save his fellow-beings; in the discharge of the highest duties of humanity; when such a death would have conferred, as the greatness of his soul so well deserved, a glorious immortality of fame. Such a death is indeed greatly to be envied, for then—

“How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blest!”

But now, alas! the reflection is most agonizing to his friends, and must have inflicted the most terrific, even though momentary, torture on his noble heart, to have been thus hopelessly and helplessly stifled by the overwhelming flood in that contracted prison, without the possible power of making one single though dying effort either for himself or his fellow-sufferers. This indeed is the source of the most poignant and bitter anguish to his suffering friends. Here, “Oh death! is thy most dreadful sting; here, oh grave! is thy most cruel victory.” If there was one moment spared to him when roused by that awful deluge from his deep slumbers, that moment, be assured, was devoted to a dying effort to save his fellow-beings—helpless women and frantic children; and thus it must have been that he perished. It is beyond a doubt that his serene and lofty courage never forsook him for one moment, and that his clear and calm spirit burnt steadily to the last. “*Cum fractus illabitur orbis. Impavidum ferient ruine.*” But, great God! what a whirl of crushing sensations, not for himself, but for his intensely loved family and friends, must have agonized the breaking of that mighty heart, the last struggle of that parting soul! Indeed it is at-

most enough to create in us a misgiving of the goodness and mercy of God (unless we can believe with the great Schiller that "prosperity in this world is but the heritage of the fortunate and successful fool,") when we behold so noble a nature suffering for years from worldly troubles, and finally expiring in agony, whilst thousands of mere sensual animals and mercenary creatures are wallowing, without a care, in worldly wealth. Truly the mysteries of Providence are to our feeble brain wholly inexplicable, and far beyond our capacity and reach. We must be content to worship in awe-struck humility and wondering adoration, and must be inspired with the certain conviction, by this signal instance alone, that *there must be another and a better world.*

Gen. HAMILTON was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1789. His maternal grandfather, Thos. Lynch, not only signed the Declaration of Independence, but was the author of the first address and remonstrance to the British House of Commons in the first Congress of the Colonies after the passage of the stamp act. His father, the late venerable Major Hamilton, of the old continental line, was a favorite aid of the great Washington; commanded one of the regiments of Wayne's brigade, and was gallantly distinguished in almost every important battle of the Revolution. The invincible love of liberty and elevated spirit of patriotism for which his ancestors were so eminent were inherited by himself in their highest vigor. In the war of 1812 Gen. (then Major) Hamilton served with great distinction throughout the Canadian campaigns. At the termination of the war he returned to the practice of the law in Charleston, in copartnership with the late eminent Judge Huger; and was soon after elected mayor of the city, the duties of which office he discharged with signal ability, and especially in the year 1822, when he exhibited remarkable energy, sagacity, and courage in suppressing a most dangerous insurrection. In the following year he was elected to the State Legislature, and was there also highly distinguished for the power, eloquence, and ability of his speeches on many important occasions. In the year 1824 he was elected to Congress as successor to the great William Lowndes, who had been one of his dearest friends, and whose death he most deeply deplored. At this period the vexed question of a protective tariff was the ruling subject of the most angry and excited debate, and Gen. Hamilton soon took a leading part in this great discussion, and delivered some of the most eloquent and

powerful speeches in opposition to that unjust and unconstitutional system, and was then regarded as next to his old friend and connection, John Randolph, in power of debate and severity of invective. Hamilton had always been in favor of a system of direct taxation. During his Congressional career Gen. Hamilton achieved, from his high courtesy and chivalry of character, the epithet of "the Chevalier Bayard of the South," and well-merited was the comparison, for no man was ever more eminently distinguished for "high and noble thought, situate in a heart of courtesy," and none ever acted out more fully the elevated principle "*parcere subjectis, debellare superbis*." As was said of the great Sydney, the flower of knighthood and the cynosure of chivalry, by one of the most finished writers of our language, "at the name of Hamilton, (Sydney,) the gallant, all-accomplished Hamilton, the roused soul awakes, as at the call of a silver trumpet, to all the grand and glorious associations of chivalry and romance;" and to those "grand and glorious associations" no human being was so sensitively and feelingly alive as Hamilton, and nothing in the whole scope of human composition has surpassed in splendor and in touching pathos his own glorious apostrophe to the peerless and serene intrepidity of the illustrious Huguenot chieftain, Du Plessis Mornay, from whose noble stock (amongst the earliest settlers of Carolina) some of Hamilton's maternal ancestors were descended. But, since the departure of Calhoun and Hamilton, the world appears to be disenchanted of magnanimous chivalry, and seems now to be (as Madame de Stael said) a world of "merely eating, drinking, bargain-making men." When in Congress he was called upon to act as the second of many of his friends, and, amongst others, of McDuffie, and of Randolph in his celebrated duel with the illustrious Clay; but no man ever (though himself engaged when a young officer in the army in numerous duels) composed and reconciled so many controversies. And in every duel in which he was, with the deepest regret of his feeling heart, forced by circumstances beyond his control to engage, he invariably inflicted so slight a wound (being undoubtedly the most calm and perfect shot of our country) as merely to disarm his opponent, in his own defence, and never failed to place his ball at the precise point he had previously indicated to his second. In many of the cases, where he acted as second, as in that of McDuffie, he assumed upon himself the responsibility of forbidding their progress; and, in the

ease of Clay and Randolph, he made every possible effort, though in vain, to reconcile their lamented quarrel.

In the celebrated contest for the Presidency between Jackson and Adams Gen. Hamilton was a conspicuous champion of the former, and contributed more to his success than any other statesman of our country. In gratitude for which Gen. Jackson offered him first the post of Secretary of War, and afterwards that of Minister to Mexico, with power to negotiate the purchase of Texas: both of which offers were declined, in consequence of his determination to accept the proffered Governorship of South Carolina, and to oppose in that State by a nullification (or State injunction upon its operation) the system of protective tariffs, until some just compromise be effected, or the adequate tribunal of her *sovereign peers*, a Convention of the States, should be called to decide upon the sovereign right of a State veto on a *clearly unconstitutional act*. This Governor Hamilton accordingly carried into effect, and continued this State injunction upon its enforcement until the noble spirit of the illustrious Clay effected that great compromise which established its gradual reduction to the revenue standard, and conceded in its practical effect the final abandonment of the protective system.

This greatly agitated question of State nullification has been utterly misunderstood and misrepresented by its opponents, who have constantly confounded it with the diametrically opposite doctrine of secession and disunion. As well might we confound the injunction of a court of justice upon the operation of a disputed act of Congress, until its constitutionality could be tested, with an act of practical rebellion and actual warfare, or a formal and avowed withdrawal from the Union. So entirely the reverse of secession is the act of State nullification upon an unconstitutional act, passed by a sectional and factious majority in Congress, that when General Jackson sent to Gov. Hamilton the *anti-State Rights and un-Democratic* proclamation of the *old Federalist*, Edward Livingston, together with his denunciation of what he regarded as an act of disunion, the reply of Gov. Hamilton was that “*South Carolina did not intend to leave the Union unless the Federal Executive should drive her out by military force, and that the first blood of a citizen must be shed by the chief agent or attorney of all the States, and not by the chief agent or attorney of South Carolina.*” But Jackson was ever most unyielding in

both his enmities and his friendships, and, as McDuffie said of him, "*impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer*" After the pacific settlement of this great and vital question, by the compromise of the immortal patriot Clay, Gov. Hamilton retired to the quiet pursuits of country-life; and, when Gov. Seabrook appointed him to succeed the great Calhoun in the United States Senate, (at the dying request of Calhoun himself,) he declined the appointment, for domestic reasons, and the eminent civilian, Judge Daniel Huger, was selected in his place. Soon after this Gen. Hamilton became deeply interested in the fate of Texas, then struggling into existence, and generously assisted her great efforts for independence, not only by heavy advances from his private funds, but by acting as her Minister Plenipotentiary to the different Courts of Europe; from which Courts he, with signal ability, and after extraordinary efforts, obtained the recognition of her independence, and afterwards exerted all his influence to obtain her admission into our Union. For all his great sacrifices and services in her behalf, that Republic and that State have returned him neither gratitude nor remuneration. From the ruin which those great sacrifices have cruelly brought upon him, he has been, for the last ten years of his eventful life, like the great Marius, and the greater Belisarius, a living monument of the "*ingratitude of States and Republics.*" In regard to the ingratitude of *men* and the abuse of his enemies, no man has ever regarded them with such quiet and ineffable contempt in the high consciousness of his own integrity of soul, amidst the most overwhelming misfortunes and the most torturing domestic afflictions, "*Mens conscia recti mendacia famæ ridet.*"

His religious creed (though educated in and professing the doctrines of the Episcopal church) was of the most beautiful and touching character, partaking greatly of the tenets of the good and righteous Swedenborg, at least in so far as to believe that "friends who are dead *are angels sent on errands full of love;*" and, as one gifted with the most seraphic genius wrote—

"Such beings walk with us thro' life,
Beside its thousand streams,
As sweetly and as spiritually
As angels in our dreams."

In the fullness of this belief he would constantly feel and express the most perfect conviction that his visions "in the mid-watches of the night," and the appearance

and communications of his friends, were in fact their *real* and not their imaginary presence, and especially those of his beloved children, and of his great and most fondly revered friend. Calhoun, whose spotless purity the most virulent breath of slander has never dared to asperse, and with whose mighty and cherished spirit the soul of Hamilton held nightly communion. They had been like the most deeply attached brothers in life, and now they are united in death. He was a firm believer in the recognition and association of friends in a future state, and ever expressed the conviction, as one of his highest hopes of immortality, that he would be in everlasting communion with his most cherished friend, Calhoun; for there had ever been, from the perfect purity and morality of their lives, the deepest sympathy between these two great souls.

“Then, as holiest men have taught, there be
 A land o’ souls beyond yon sable shore,
 To shame the doctrines of the Sadducee,
 And sophis’s madly vain of dubious lore,
 How sweet ’twill be in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labors light,
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more,
 Behold each cherished shade revealed to sight;
 The Bactrian, Samian Sage, and all who taught the right.”

The morality, purity, and temperance of Gen. Hamilton were of the highest order, and all the domestic virtues he possessed in an eminent and enviable degree. His deep devotion and almost childlike adoration of his most venerable and patriarchal father (even when he was Governor, and amidst the turmoil of nullification and of arming the State for her defence) were the subject of wonderment to those who knew not the perfect simplicity of his loving nature. As a husband his devoted loyalty was of the most elevated and chivalrous character, and as a father his affection for his children amounted almost to idolatry. His habits were of the utmost simplicity, like those of Democritus and Zeno, and he never indulged in one single article of mere gratification to the senses. At the grandest banquets, and none ever gave more sumptuous ones than himself when Governor, he invariably selected the simplest dish, and with that he was content; nor did he ever expend a dollar for luxury or splendor, though he devoted a vast fortune to the service of his State in preparing her to defend her homes and firesides from the invasion of Jackson.

Like all great men, he had the most perfect contempt for "*vile lucre*" in itself, and for the base misers who worship it, and only attached any sort of value to it as one of the means of doing good, where it may assist the philanthropist in acts of benevolence and in the relief of suffering humanity; and this writer has known him, in his once great prosperity, to give thousands to the needy and the wretched. For all other purposes he regarded it as mere "*earthly dross*," and beneath the regard of any good or great mind; agreeing with Lord Bacon that "*the only true end of just ambition is the power to do good*;" and this noble purpose of doing good was the sole aim and object of his life. For his native State, whilst he possessed the means and power, his efforts were unceasing and his sacrifices were unparalleled. Amongst other great objects to which he devoted his resources and his energies, the extensive, important, and at that time unequalled railroad enterprise for constructing "the South Carolina railroad" throughout the length of the State was projected and established by his devoted efforts; and repeatedly was it sustained and saved from failure by his means and his exertions. For his native city of Charleston also he made greater sacrifices and expenditures of private means than any other citizen. To him is she indebted for the establishment of her beautiful public walks, her Battery, or *Prado*, (as he desired it should be named,) by devoting to that purpose at an almost nominal value the most eligible locations and dwellings of himself and his brother-in-law, Judge Prioleau. He originated and established the celebrated "*Southern Review*," and wrote many of its ablest and most eloquent articles. He also established when Governor that admirable and solid institution, the "Bank of Charleston," which has never (with its immense capital of over five millions) ceased to pay specie in any crisis, and which, after his retirement from public life, he conducted with signal ability until he unfortunately resigned his post as president, to engage, with all the impulsive and generous enthusiasm of his noble heart, in the cause of Texas; for which country he made the most ruinous sacrifices of his own great resources to secure her independence. From this his contempt of lucre, and of all those who so greatly worship it, many of those who had lost by his heavy sacrifices and embarrassments in behalf of Texas, and, by his subsequent failure, had become his enemies. When, at the time of his failure, his friends urged him

to take the benefit of the bankrupt act, merely to free himself from persecution until he could arrange his widely-extended and complicated affairs and settle with his creditors in quietude and justice, he indignantly repelled the proposal, nobly exclaiming, "I will do nothing that can bear the *slightest semblance* to taking advantage of any creditor, but will labor with every power that God has bestowed upon me for their benefit, amidst all persecutions, to my latest breath." The consequence of this noble conduct has been, as his friends predicted, (with very few honorable exceptions,) the most virulent, harassing, and unrelenting persecution, whilst his exertions for his persecutors have been herculean, self-sacrificing, and unceasing to the very last moment of his life, for he was then on his way to labor for them in pressing his claims upon the Texas Legislature for their heavy debt to him for his great advances and his greater services. Such is the gratitude of a heartless and mercenary world! But, as he himself so beautifully said, in one of his eloquent eulogies upon his great compeer and most intimate friend, Calhoun, "His enemies, like the Indian who madly fired his arrow at the Sun, shall, at the great day of account, be struck down with blindness and dismay." And now, that his gallant and dauntless spirit has departed from his cold and stiffened corpse, let no fiendish hyena sacrilegiously dare to prowl, no dastardly and recreant ass venture "to kick against the body of the dead lion." Hamilton had not the slightest desire for power and place or political preferment, (not even for the Presidency,) except in so far as it might enable him *to do good to his fellow-beings*. And his chief, if not his only, object in at all desiring the United States Senatorship, was to do, if possible, *some justice* to the heroism and patriotism of the martyrs of the Revolution, (to whom we owe our country and our independence,) by aiding in the noble and glorious work of gratitude and right, in passing an act to provide for their still *unsettled pay* for the benefit of their suffering descendants. Beyond this "power to do good" he had no desire whatever for any office, however high it might appear in the estimation of the world; and no degree of scorn and contempt could exceed that which he at all times uttered against the despicable scramble for place and pelf with which our country is disgraced. From this feeling it was that he has so long preferred the retirement of private life. Whenever he would in any way refer to the abuse of his

enemies, (and he had *not one on earth* beyond the *worshippers of lucre* who had lost something by his overwhelming misfortunes,) he would draw himself proudly up and exclaim, with the grandest expression on his nobly expressive face, lit up by his elevated soul, "Let them return their vile abuse for all the efforts and sacrifices I am making in their behalf; I despise their abuse, for I know that *I am an honest man*." And again, on one of these occasions, in the language of the great patriot, EMMETT, he would exclaim, "When I am dead let no man dare to charge me with dishonor; let no man write my epitaph unless he knows my motives, and dares to vindicate them; otherwise let them and me repose in obscurity and peace until enmity and prejudice shall pass away—until other times and other men shall do justice to my character; then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." That epitaph, noble spirit, I would fain essay to write, if I could imbibed the inspiration of your own glowing and soul-stirring eloquence; for none, as you well know, so loved you from childhood, "with a love passing the love of woman." But, alas! I am neither gifted with your lofty genius, (which none have so well known, and to which you have never done justice by any labored effort,) nor if I were so gifted would the depth of my grief allow of its coherent utterance; for,

"Whilst memory bids me weep thee
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deeply,
That mourns a man like thee."

I must be content to write down for your epitaph that glorious Roman verse which you so much cherished, and which, if you could have died (as you so often wished) the death of the *patriot and the hero*, you would have made (like the immortal martyr, Egmont, whose memory you so greatly venerated) your last, your dying words:

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus
Mente quatit solida."

AMICUS.

Since the foregoing was written, the public journals have contained a most powerful and eloquent Address of Gov. HAMILTON to the Legislature of South Carolina, written just before embarking on the fatal steamer in which he was so ruthlessly slain. From this noble Address we extract the following most feeling allusion and glorious apostrophe to the august spirit of the great CALHOUN :

In the session in which Mr. Calhoun died, I was in Washington, and for six weeks preceding his decease I was the constant companion of his sick bed. Instead of seeking the hospitality of the metropolis, every evening of my life I sought the instructive consolations of the conversation of my great friend. Although sinking hour by hour, his cheerfulness as little deserted him as his tenderness and affection to his friends. His great intellect, like the glorious luminary of the world, seemed to shine with a milder yet more perfect radiance as it was about to dip beyond the horizon forever. We were generally alone, and at an hour just before sunset, which prevented the intrusion of other visitors, to whom he generally denied himself, his conversation had an indescribable interest, and was imbued with the charm of a tenderness and charity to others of unspeakable beauty.

These conversations, when he spoke of the South, were mournful and melancholy in the extreme. He foretold the point we have reached. The portentous augmentation of the slavery excitement, the increase of extravagance and corruption, the centralization of the wealth and commerce of the country in one capital—an accumulation which would lead to the most frightful revulsion—all of which would drive the South out of the Confederacy, if the evil was not speedily arrested.

In one of these conversations, laying his hand upon my arm, he said : " My friend, you must return to the public service of our State, to carry out my principles and unfinished labors. A great crisis will come when her interests and your reputation will demand it."

But I must stop. A sense of delicacy and propriety prevents my going any further with these disclosures. The reasons of his preference of myself are locked in my own bosom. To recollect them seems "to recover a part of the forgotten value of existence." In the hour of adverse fortune, sweet will ever be their odor, sweet the balm of their consolation! August Spirit, at the throne of the Almighty! Look down from that footstool, where you gaze undazzled at the glories of your God, and bless the State which in life you served with so much honor! Look down, too with tenderness on your weak, humble, and suffering friend, who believes the crisis has come when he might obey your high commands. He comes ready to peril all of life and honor on the issue, if others will it so. Mighty Spirit, all hail, and farewell!

Equally beautiful was his Letter in reply to the requests of his friends who urged him to be a candidate for the United States Senatorship. From this Letter we make the following extract :

I belong to a past generation—to a confederation of men who have passed from the strifes and contentions of this fitful and feverish world to an immortality of happiness. When I think of those companions of my then comparative youth, those associates in a glorious struggle, " my heart grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water." I hope that I, the humblest of the throng, may be permitted to place a

or garland on their graves. They rise unbidden to my memory in all the strong lineaments of life.

There stands Calhoun, in all the grandeur of his genius and the solidity of his immovable integrity. What inscription of praise does he need beyond the utterance of his name?

There stands Hayne, in all the mild radiance of his character, with an ability of the highest possible compass, with all his transcendent powers for government and administration, pure, spotless, and undimmed.

There stands McDuffie, with his robust intellect and stern honesty, exerting powers of analysis and argument which made him one of the first dialecticians of his time, and with a Roman patriotism which burned even in the portal caverns of the tomb.

There stands Turnbull, whose head was as gigantic as his heart was incorruptible—who, with his fine Grecian face, disclosed the great qualities of the race from which he sprung—burning enthusiasm, intense genius, and unconquerable courage.

There stands Harper, a bright emanation of that intelligence which God confers on the most gifted of his creatures—simple, artless, and with a subjugated self love beyond all praise.

Of the leaders of "the old guard" but two of us are left—Preston and the humble individual who addresses you. Preston, who, having been sorely smitten by the hand of infirmity, still survives, thank God, in renovated health and usefulness. It was said by a distinguished contemporary that our association contained a great and extraordinary variety of talent, a place for every man, and every man suited to his place, and that no country was ever better prepared for revolution than South Carolina in the efficiency of her public agents. Preston was emphatically our orator, and was the first orator of his time. The variegated richness of his imagination, the purity of his taste, his power of argument, as if he had never cultivated aught but the severe faculty of ratiocination, whilst over all he flung the drapery of a most attractive modesty, and a private character without reproach. An association with such men, however humble my station, each of whom was fitted for empire, is a full measure of honor, without my looking further for distinction.

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